

سوره ۱۱ ۵۶

And the Man was homesick and dull.

Look at the distance,
 To the Ocean.
The colourful waves,
That Jump up over the rocks,
 With roar,
Pour down hastily,
Rising, again,
 And again.
The clamouring sea,
And the moon's radiance,
And the eternity magnificence.

Now,
With the colours' magic,
- Instead of me -
Create a figure,
Over a black rock,
Half human,
 Half bird,
With great flying wings,
Foot in the rock,
And head up,
 And up,
 Towards the stars.

Jaleh,
London, September 2000

Translated by: E. Zia
